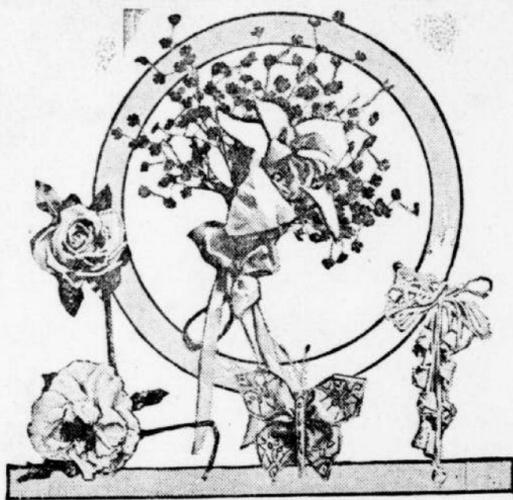


What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



At the Ribbon Counter

Annually the ribbon counter blooms out a month or so before the holidays with all sorts of new and lovely belongings for everybody. Its appeal to the eternal feminine is as certain as the sunrise, no more to be resisted than that of flowers or children. This year not a soul in the household has been overlooked—there is something made of ribbon from everybody from the baby to grandpa.

To begin with there are innumerable bags—knitting, sewing, shopping bags, bags to hold handkerchiefs, slippers, etc., party and opera bags. There are small lamp and candle shades, and little folding screens to stand on the reading or dressing table. There are glorious cushions for bedroom lounges or the living room, and an army of bows of all sorts. There are the perennial corsage roses and other flowers, and small nosegays of little ribbon flowers for the coat or fur neck-piece, to be worn on the street.

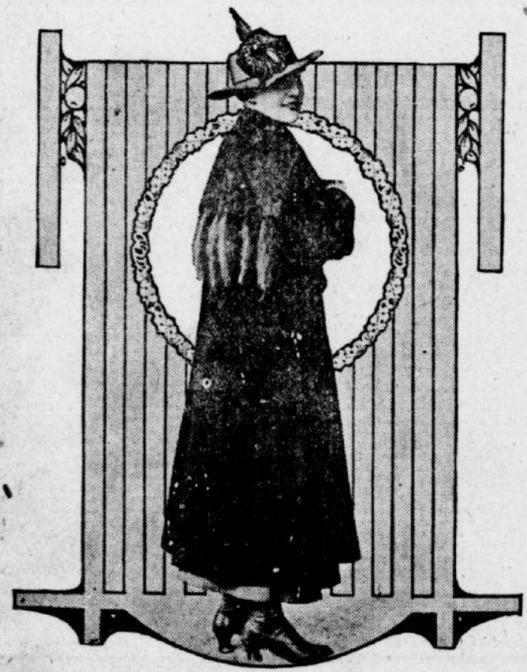
In the little group of novelties pictured here there are corsage ornaments and a small bit of neckwear. The ribbon rose is made of pink satin ribbon in two shades, cut into short lengths to form the petals. It is not difficult to make when the breach is once acquired. Millinery stems and foliage and millinery stamens are used with ribbon flowers. The center of the rose is formed by folding the darker shade in the ribbon and wrapping it about the end of the rubber stem.

After this each petal is made by gathering a short piece of ribbon across one end and fastening it to the stem by wrapping thread or the wire about it. The other end of the petal is curled back and tacked down. Sometimes three shades are used and always the darkest is at the center and the lightest on the outside of the blossom.

The poppy is made by gathering a strip of ribbon close to the edge, with silk matching the ribbon in color, to form the outer edge of the petals. The other edge is feathered closely and wrapped about a millinery stem with stamens at the end. Both the rose and poppy are set in appropriate foliage.

A new arrival for the corsage has settled among the flowers. It is a butterfly of gayly colored ribbon with markings added with brush and water colors. At the right of the group is a little neckwear piece made of loops and ends of baby ribbon. The ends are knotted and a little blossom, simulated in ribbon is deftly sewed over each knot.

An orchid from the milliners set in maiden hair fern from the same garden is tied with satin ribbon. In the heart of the orchid is a tiny powder box and puff and a small mirror is sometimes craftily concealed in the bow that ties corsage flowers of this kind. Every one is delighted when they betray themselves at the dance or other places, in time of need.



For Girls of the Northland

Rain or shine, snow or blow, the wearer of a coat like that pictured here may go comfortably on her way. There has been no creation of the hours more dependable than the plushes that have made such progress during the last decade and it is because they have such honest qualities of wear, resistance and warmth, that effort has been spent on perfecting them. They have been made to simulate the short-haired furs almost to perfection. Seal, broad tail and caracul plushes are almost replicas of these skins—all of them rich looking enough to make up, and trimmed with handsome, genuine furs.

The coat shown in the picture is of seal plush finished with a square cape collar of fur which narrows at the front and is lengthened into revers. It may be rolled up about the neck high enough to muffle the throat completely.

This cape collar is made of an inexpensive but effective fur, bluish gray in color, and finished with tails across the back. The imaginative furrier

calls fur of this kind "blue wolf," or "kit fox," or some other name to which it is entitled only by his cleverness in dyeing it. The wearers of these pelts knew better than to be caught napping near a wolf, and were not on speaking terms with any fox.

When the out-of-doors girl of the north sets about acquiring a coat to live in, she will do well to consider these fur-trimmed, plush coats, that are shown in considerable variety. Like fur, the plush coat can be worn anywhere and any time. They are all long, reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt. In this model the back is cut with a flare, the front plain and straight with fullness enough at the sides to hang in folds. A narrow belt across the front is made of the plush and the plain coat sleeves have deep cuffs of it. These coats are usually lined with a lining satin of the same sturdy character as the plush.

Julie Bottomley

Bag for Magazines.
Evidently there is to be no end of bags. But a bag for your magazines; that's a veritable boon to the hiker or even the most casual of travelers. It must be roomy without being cumbersome, and then it must be strong. Crash or art canvas combined with silk makes an excellent choice for just such a bag. Silk is used for the upper part of the bag. The lower part is cut in two pieces, preferably ellipse in shape. The two sections are seamed at the sides, forming the lower half

of the bag. A close gathering constitutes the upper half. A draw-string finishes the silk part, and quite a wide strap of the heavier stuff is attached to the lower part of the bag, providing a convenient means of carrying. Further finishing touches may be supplied by a bright-colored lining for the crash or art canvas and contrasting machine stitching about the strap and the side seams.

It takes real worry to make a big man sit up and take notice.

TRAGEDY WHERE COMEDY REIGNS

Roses Stolen From Chicago Theater Found Right Spot After All.

SOLVE DEEP MYSTERY

Three Detectives' Work Several Days on Case, When They Find the Culprit—the Hat Is Passed for Real Flowers.

Chicago.—Folks who went to the La Salle theater the other night saw a comedy. Upstairs in the office of Nat Royster, the manager, a tragedy was being enacted.

Several days ago Royster received complaints from Joe Daly, property man, that artificial roses used in one of the sets were being stolen. The flowers were not taken in large numbers. But every other day or so three or four would be missing.

Three detectives worked on the case for a few days. The roses continued to disappear.

Then the detectives arrested Sophie Korab, a theater scrubwoman. When the detectives and Royster questioned her she sobbed violently, but would not talk.

Where the Roses Went.
Finally she found a champion in Miss May Dowling of the theater staff, who pleaded for her release. Then Mrs. Korab broke down and told her story.

Six months ago her husband, Anton, joined the army, leaving her to take care of the two children, John, 2 years old, and Mary, 3.

A few weeks ago little John contracted an ailment. There was no



"Purloined a Couple of Them."
money for adequate medical attention and he died. The day of the burial Mrs. Korab appeared as usual to do her scrub work at the theater.

She saw the roses and purloined a couple of them. Next day she went to the cemetery and put the artificial flowers on John's grave.

Real Flowers for the Living.
The detectives made an exit. Miss Dowling slipped out and returned with a handful of real flowers.

"For Johnny," she said, and wiped her eyes.

The scrubwoman fearfully asked if she could go. Royster requested her to stay. He left the room for a few minutes and he saw Daly, the property man; Charlie Heede, in the box office; Bob Goring, the superintendent; the stage hands, the ushers, the doorman, the cigar store man next door, and the cafe fan next door, and when he returned he handed \$80.35 to Mrs. Korab.

"For Mary," he said.

BEAR HUNTS THE HUNTERS

Misses Men in the Fog and Is Shot, White Mate Escapes the Bullets.

Newton, N. J.—James N. Dobbins and Henry DeWitt returned to their camp at Montague township recently with the carcass of a black bear, weighing 201 pounds, and with a thrilling story. For two days they had been chased by the bear and his mate in the woods near Dingman's but they were aided by the fog in eluding the animals.

One of the gunners ran short of ammunition and had to make his way alone to Dingman's for more, and then the two of them undertook the work of seeking the bears. They came upon the big black bear in the woods, and, after repeatedly shooting at him, managed to kill him. Leaving this bear where he had fallen, they made a search for his mate, but, after several hours of this work, had to give it up.

They obtained a large log, strung the bear on it, and marched into camp.

Posed as Adolph to Join Army.
St. Louis.—Adolph E. Brown, Jr., proprietor of a hardware store, posed as his brother Leo and used Leo's draft notice to get into the National army. When Leo heard of this, he, too, asked to be accepted. Both men are now in camp and satisfied.

Shock Cures Toothache.
London.—Thomas Dann, working in a London munition factory, tried smoking to cure a toothache. He was fined \$5 for smoking about explosives. The shock of the fine cured his toothache.

Rescued After Twenty-Four Hours.
Ashland, Pa.—Patrick Gilroy, entombed in the Blast mine, near here, for 24 hours, was rescued by miners who found that a stone barrier had saved his life.

A FEW LITTLE SMILES



AN AMATEUR.

"There," he said, pulling his shirt-sleeves over his brawny arms and surveying the clothes post which had taken him the best part of the Saturday afternoon to fix in the garden; "that's as firm as a rock. Even the combined forces of the elements cannot bring it down."

Later in the day he found the pole on the ground.

"Did you do this?" he roared to his eight-year-old son.

"No, father," was the answer; "a sparrow perched on it. I saw it myself."—London Tit-Bits.

Fortune Man.

Hobo—Say, mister, would youse mind stakin' a pore man wot ain't got no home, ter a few pennies?

Enpeck—What! You ain't got no home? Say, old chap, you are playing in great luck. Why, you can stay out all night every night if you wan' to—and never get a call-down.

An Undiscovered Best.

"Are you getting well paid for your work?"

"No. That's why I'm not doing my best work. Seems to me nobody ever is willing to pay enough to find out just how good I can be."

DIDN'T LIKE HIM.



Little Tessie—Say, what's the name of the fellow who calls on your sister?

Little Ted—I don't know. Pop calls him something different every time he comes.

Today.
Keep on livin' just terday—
Doan hunt for enny sorrow;
Have all yer troubles yisterday
An' all yer fun tomorrow.

Unexpected Results.
"Why don't you write a tragedy?" asked the actress.

"I did write one," replied the author "or at least I thought I did, but the critics said it was a farce."

An Explanation.
"I wonder what the author meant who talked about silence that speaks."

"I guess he meant that you don't hear when deaf-and-dumb people talk."

His Reply.
"Are you sure that you will be happy with me all your life?" she asked him.

"No," he replied. "But you are the only girl I've ever seen with whom I'd be willing to take the chance of being unhappy with."—Detroit Free Press.

Not For Him.
Wife—You won't flirt with any of the stenographers at the office, will you, dear?

Hubby—I should say not, you oughter see the bunch we got there.

How Mean.
Miss Antique—I wouldn't sleep in a room with a folding bed.

Miss Causique—Naturally, you could hardly hope to find a man under a folding bed.

Just That.
"Jones says there is only one thing that keeps him from retiring to a farm."

"And what is that?"

"He hasn't a farm."

All in the Bill.
Patient—Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting trim. Did you put anything like that in the prescription?

Doctor—No. You will find that in the bill.—Topeka Capital.

Not So New.
"I see you have a new regime in your club, Mrs. Comeup."

"Yes, everybody takes it for a new outfit, but it's really only for the old things done up."

A Sad Distrust.
"A dog is man's faithful friend."

"Perhaps," commented Miss Cayenne; "and it may be, after all, that the doggie doesn't talk about you behind your back merely for the reason that he lacks the power of articulation."

Generous.
"Ma, haven't you always told us to divide everything with others?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Then tonight let sister have all my castor oil."

MAN'S MIND BLANK FOR MANY YEARS

Falling Tree Restores Memory and Octogenarian Picks Up Broken Threads of Life.

Rose Lake, Idaho.—A blow sustained while felling a tree near here has restored the memory of Warren McLean, 80 years old, which was obliterated nearly 13 years ago when he was kicked in the head by a horse. The aged man now is on his way to his old home in Anoka, Minn., there to pick up anew the broken thread of his life. His daughter, Mrs. B. S. Fairbanks, of White Earth, Minn., made



"Brought Back Minnesota Memories."

the journey to Idaho to bring her old father home.

"Father left home 13 years ago, telling us he would be back the next evening," said Mrs. Fairbanks. "When he failed to return we started a search and for some time heard traces of him in various parts of Minnesota, although we never caught up with him. Finally all trace was lost and we gave him up for dead."

"Father now has a faint recollection of having been hurt by a horse, but he doesn't know where or when. Recently he was hurt by a falling tree and it brought back all his Minnesota memories. But he has lost all recollection of the interval."

"He is eating heartily and chats about the old times in Minnesota. He talks about 'Little Ben' Fairbanks, not knowing that he now is my husband and his son-in-law. He asks about many of the old people and seems to have an idea he left them all last spring. Mother is awaiting him at home, although father believes she is dead."

ACCIDENT—HOSPITAL—CHICKENS—AUTO—

Drew, Mass.—James Watson, driving a big new touring car, found lots of sport in running down chickens that chanced to cross the road in front of him. Colonel Roosevelt killing big game on the equator was never happier than Watson, until a chicken became tangled in a wheel and was hurled through the windshield, breaking it. A piece of glass penetrated Watson's eye. He was taken to a hospital, where the eyeball was removed.

CUTS OFF ARM; SAVES CHILD

South Dakota Mother Resorts to Heroic Measures When Daughter Is Caught in Machine.

Pierre, S. D.—Mrs. J. B. Clarkson of Harding county was forced to the alternative of amputating an arm of her little daughter, or allowing the child to suffer with her arm crushed in the machinery of a power washing machine until the mother could go a long distance for help.

She decided that the arm was so badly mangled that it would have to come off, and with the implements at hand cut the suffering child loose and getting a team ready took her to the nearest physician, where the injured stump was properly cared for.

The child had been left alone in the shed where the power machine was operating, and becoming frightened at a dog, attempted to go around the machine and caught her arm in the cog.

ANGRY BEES ATTACK ANGLER

Insects Swarm on Man in Midstream and Drive Him Out of His Boat.

Hanover, N. J.—Stephen Van Syckle went fishing in the Passaic river near here and almost lost his life. In the middle of the stream Van Syckle was attacked by a swarm of bees. In attempting to brush them off he rocked the boat and went overboard. He could not swim, but clung to the boat. For more than an hour he remained in this position.

Edmund Fisher happened along in a rowboat, and lifted Van Syckle, almost exhausted, into his craft. The latter had lost his voice from shouting so long and loud for help.

Baby, Lost Two Days, Was Hungry.

Boswell, N. C.—Laura Hedgecoxe, three and a half years old, was lost two days and two nights in the mountains near here. When found by rescuers she complained of hunger, but was none the worse for her experience.

Married at 83, Then Dance Jig.
Sullivan, Ind.—After their marriage, A. J. WEHAMS, eighty-three years old, and his wife, formerly Mrs. Rhoda Skinner, also eighty-three, danced a jig in the county clerk's office just to show that they were still spry.



View of Lucerne.

THERE are villages, even within the radius of the London searchlights, where the remark is not uncommonly heard: "One almost forgets the war down here. It's difficult to believe there is a war!" the speaker usually some tired workman or snatching a few days' rest, but prevented by limits of time and money from a longer journey, writes Algeron Blackwood in Country Life.

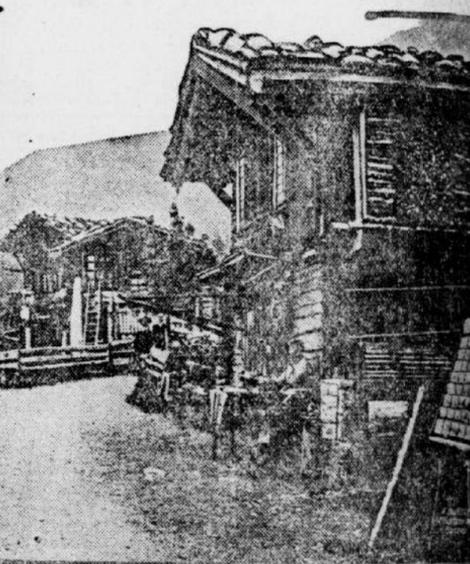
Sometimes, however, the observation varies. This morning, for instance, an overworked woman, seeking a few days' change and rest, but a woman still sensitive enough to dream of happier days in the careless Long Ago, mentioned her yearning for the peace of a befowered valley of the Alps.

"Just one week," she sighed, "one little week in sight of the Elger or the Blumalp! To see the stars round the crest of the Matterhorn again and hear the echoes of falling water all night long in the peaceful valleys. The dawns, the sunsets, the tinkling of the cow-bells, the simple, happy peasants, and the children in the fields! If someone first would hypnotize me to forget . . . !"

It was a natural longing that thousands feel today. Only the hypnotic forgetfulness would have to be very thoroughly managed.

No Longer a Playground.

For Switzerland, an oasis surrounded on all sides by the great belligerents, offers no escape today from sharp reminders that Europe lies



Main Street of Murren.

soaked in blood. The valleys have lost their hint of other-worldliness, the mountain hotels their fun and laughter. Winter and summer sports both languish; there are no merry dances, the orchestras are dumb, and many a resort that in peace time was unpleasantly overcrowded now experiences difficulty in keeping open at all.

In every department of her normal life Switzerland has suffered a violent, even a ruinous dislocation; and while the flow of tourist money has practically ceased, the cost of mobilizing several divisions and keeping them on a war footing is a grave item in the national economy that must be met out of diminished revenues. Owing to the irregular supply, if not sometimes the actual lack, of fuel—the country's coal is derived from Germany—more than one industry has been in peril and more than one factory, deprived of the necessary raw material, been shut down. Diminished income, scarcity of labor, of coal and raw material, combined with heavily increased expenses, have been among the great—though not, perhaps, the greatest—disabilities this little enclosed country has suffered from the war.

Like One Vast Hospital.

There are far sharper reminders of the war, however, than these general trade and economic conditions, and the lady who yearned for the peace and seclusion of her favorite haunted mountain valleys would find them at her elbow everywhere. Swiss hospitality has become proverbial; Switzerland has opened her gates to the

The Interesting Loon.

The loon is one of the most beautiful and graceful of the wild water fowl, rivaling the wood duck in the markings of its plumage. On the Northern lakes there is no bird that can dive quicker or swim faster. Awkward and clumsy on land, but so active and alert it is in the water that it can dodge bullets. "The loon is a cousin to the beaver," says John Burroughs. "It has the feathers of a bird and the fur of an animal, and the heart of it is bold and resolute. When disabled so that it can neither dive nor fly, it is said to face its foe, look at him in the face with its clear, piercing eye, and fight resolutely till death. The gunners say there is something in the walling, piteous cry, when dying, almost human in its agony."

Should Fit as Well.

Emma was enjoying a company dinner with the family. Among the good things provided for the table was a dress made of a material that was a dressing usually prepared with a second helping. She had heard it spoken of as a dressing and had gotten just what to call for, as she simply said, in asking for it: "Please pass the clothes."

Do Not Dread Tomorrow.

Most of us must work for a living, and a great many of us do not by any means find our daily employment either congenial or to our liking; but if we stand our ground and try, honestly try, to do our work well, to rout